

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 1. 1st March, 1941.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 1



1st March, 1941

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•
Treasurer:
S. E. CHATTERTON

•
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JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
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•
Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 17th May, 1941.

The Club Man's Diary

MARCH BIRTHDAYS:—2nd, Mr. E. S. Spooner, M.H.R.; 4th, Mr. Roy Hendy, Mr. H. L. Lambert; 5th, Mr. F. J. Carberry; 10th, Mr. A. G. Collins; 14th, Mr. G. W. Savage; 15th, Mr. Ernest Moore, Mr. A. C. Wilkinson; 17th, Mr. P. Nolan, Mr. W. A. Wolf; 26th, Mr. J. A. Roles, Mr. M. F. Albert; 29th, Mr. Percy Wolf; 31st, Mr. R. Wootton.

To record the birthdays of members is our pleasure. As a date is given, it is noted in a book kept specially for that purpose.

The birthday of a friend is always an interesting and intimate item of personal news. Would those members whose birthdays have not been noted in the book of reference, kindly send along advice to the Secretary, or mention it at your next meeting with him?

Another matter: We are always happy to have supplied, or be informed of, personal items, and, indeed, any news of a readable sort. The function of this club magazine is primarily to tell you about the club and about its members. Every member should count himself on the staff as a newsgetter.

If you haven't time to write the story with the literary nicety you would wish, send us along the outline and we will look to the rest.

Have you heard from a club member at the war? If so, please let us know.

"Send me papers with the racing news," the boys are writing home. Although engaged in almost constant battle, they are still following the fortunes of High Caste, Mildura, Yaralla, All Love, etc.

Something similar happened in the previous war. All goes to prove that racing is a dominant interest among Australians, and it will take more than distraction of a world war to drive it out.

Here's good news: Since the water restrictions have been relaxed, the club's swimming pool has been re-filled. Those muscles that were

beginning to soften may now be toned up again, and the tonic of a mid-day dip added to the zest of living.

The youthful Les Herron, who played Rugby Union football with University and with Western Suburbs—no wrecker of records, but a glorious enthusiast—became a member of the Bar and, in due course, Mr. L. J. Herron, K.C. His zest for the old game persisting, he enrolled as referee and, eventually, served as Rugby Union administrator.

Last month, he was elevated to the Supreme Court Bench as Mr. Justice Herron; a signal honour, personally and in the professional sense. The man and his talents are in practice and record co-related to the ethical precepts of his profession; and thus the event of his translation from Bar to Bench is of dual distinction.

The Chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill), who also is president of the N.S.W. Rugby Union, described Mr. Justice Herron as: "the best chairman of the Management Committee in the Rugby Union's 60 odd years of life."

"Mr. Justice Herron occupied the chair of the Management Committee from 1933 till 1939, seven years inclusive," Mr. Hill added. "He was a force in the rehabilitation of the old game. His personality and common-sense accounted for a good deal of accomplishment. He saw clearly, thought quickly, spoke softly, and generally enlisted sympathy in and support for whatsoever he espoused. Also he had a keen appreciation of the human equation."

"All of the Rugby Union game—indeed, all sportsmen—will combine to congratulate his Honour," Mr. Hill said.

If you are bothered about the correct spelling and pronunciation of names now in the news, here is the latest revised list: Chancellor Hitlow, Propaganda Minister Garbles, Dictator Stalin, Tushollini.

Occasionally we hear a rider explain the unexpectedly poor showing of his mount to a refusal by the

horse to do its best. Perhaps "failure"—rather than "refusal"—to do its best might state the case more accurately. A horse "refuses" when it is capable of doing its best; it "fails" when it is incapable of doing its best.

What is the explanation of a fit horse's winning on one Saturday and failing ingloriously the next? Simply, I should say, that on the day of the failure the horse was only "apparently fit." It is subject to those variations in form that affect humans—a physical lagging, a mental dullness, lack of high-pitched co-ordination between mind and body.

The heart may not function so well to-day as it did yesterday. The blood stream may be affected by mysterious chemical action and inter-action. This could occur, maybe, through glandular influence.

Whatever it be, we feel "out of sorts." We lack pep, temporarily. We do not spark so spontaneously. We phut out more easily. We say so. A horse, subject to similar influences, cannot explain. More, it cannot complain. So the agitated punter who shouts "rub 'im out" often expecteth too much: a perfect piece of mechanism functioning at top pitch all the time. Fitness at its finest is a condition subject to variation—and no human agency has been able to alter it, without risking unhappy reactions.

AS BOMBS FALL

Flight-Lieutenant George Horan, a young Sydneysider fighting with the R.A.F., sent to friends here this Lewis-Carrollish verse of his own composition:

*The lights of Picadilly Square were shining very bright,
And this was odd, because it was the middle of the night.*

*A Dornier and a Messerschmitt were floating o'er the Strand,
They wept like anything to see the London folk so bland.*

*"If forty thousand German planes bombed it for half a year,
"Do you suppose," the Dornier said, "that they would die of fear?"
"I doubt it," said the Messerschmitt, and wept a bitter tear.*

In the days when "The Referee" (now defunct) was "The Referee," John C. Davis was a notable and powerful figure in Australian sporting journalism. He wrote, not only with the grace of a man of gifts, but with the zeal of a protagonist. He was as well-informed and as interest-compelling a chronicler of cricket, as "Not Out," as when he switched over seasonally to cover football, as "The Cynic." He wrote with a deep sense of conviction without suggestion of the oracular, and he remained in the role of reviewer rather than stepped down among the barrackers. So his writings were always fresh and frank—and fair.

In late years we read him as an occasional contributor. Even so we shall miss his authentic touch in an age when there are so many sporting writers, and so few sporting authorities writing.

"The Referee" died in the course of time—just as its Editor, J. C. Davis died—not through any lack of interest or of enterprise on the part of its directors or its staff. True, another generation with a new outlook had arisen since we of our generation remember the old paper in its heyday, and while it was still a force, pre-war.

The daily newspapers cut into the circulation of "The Referee" by enlarging their sporting sections, and more or less "stale-ing" the weekly review of "The Referee" with a snappy day-to-day cover.

For all that, I have a belief—founded on experience—that everybody, as well as everything, has a certain role to play in an allotted sphere in a specified time—in other words, everybody, as well as everything, has a certain time to live; no more, no less.

That is history, ancient and modern. It is just as idle to talk of a permanent civilisation as of a permanent wave.

* * *

Death of Mr. Mat Sawyer, father of Mr. Mac Sawyer, removed a sturdy Australian, one who by his enterprise and his effort added to the advancement of our country, and was a popular and prominent figure in the sporting world.

A WORD WITH YOU

People talk to-day of cutting down on extravagances.

Just what is an extravagance?

It is important that we should know, lest we mistake the things of no account for those serving best our mode of life.

It is possible that a thing acquired cheaply may be an extravagance, and that a dearer article may not be—simply because the cheap item serves no real purpose in our daily routine, while from the other we get a good deal of what's worth while living for away from the grind of workaday life.

So, in studying economies, always put the proper value on things. What they cost doesn't matter so much as what they return.

Think of it: what in your life (apart from your home) could take the place of your club? It is an investment that yields you something practical—assets such as mental refreshment, companionship, a meeting place, and the social status that a first-class club imparts through the calibre of its membership.

"I am a member of Tattersall's Club" means something. It returns a definitely good value. Your subscription (now due) isn't an extravagance.

There are football ties between Australia and N.Z. and Swansea, the Welsh town which, cables told us, has been the victim of blitz bombing. There the 1905 N.Z. team, the original "All Blacks" narrowly averted their second defeat. The locals, fielding many internationals, were leading 3-nil, with not so long to go, when that great match-winner, W. J. Wallace, playing in the centre, dropped a goal with his left boot. So the game ended 4-3.

It was Wallace who had made the opening and gave the pass for Deans to score the famous "disputed try" when Wales won 3-nil.

Our Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) classes Wallace as "the most versatile player" he ever saw—a great tribute from one who saw, played with and against, so many great ones.

Captain J. A. Collins beat an Italian battleship by fiery volleys—but our fellow club member, Paymaster-Commander Maynard, beat Captain Collins. That isn't the communique strictly according to fact, as it came hot from the tennis court at Alexandria, when H.M.A.S. Sydney put in there. However, the records have it that as a tennis player, Paymaster-Commander Maynard is "pretty good." Captain Collins himself made the acknowledgment.

* * *

Congratulations are extended to fellow-member Chilton, otherwise the Acting-Governor of Bardia, Lieut.-Col F. O. Chilton, who made history when, after taking part with the A.I.F. in the assault on the Italian stronghold in Libya, was invested with gubernatorial powers. He is only in his early thirties, but is well equipped as a solicitor and soldier to administer new laws for an old land to meet the needs of civil liberties and martial necessities, according to the British pattern.

We are proud of fellow-member Chilton, and salute his distinction so gallantly won.

* * *

Two of our members passed last month: Mr. G. H. Rayner (step-father of Lord Gifford) and Mr. A. M. Henderson. Their loss will be felt keenly by all who had the privilege of their friendship.

* * *

This is a true fish-story: Mr. M. J. Lawson, who at Sydney landed a tiger shark weighing 1,198 lb., a world's record catch, has been awarded the Grand Prize for 1940 by "Ocean City," a Philadelphian (U.S.A.) fishing publication.

That should supply the answer to the age-old query: What would you sooner do or go fishing?

* * *

Of course, if you are going to listen to all the defeatists you will beat yourself in the end. Somebody says solemnly: "Things are going to be — bad." He's a defeatist; but you believe him. Another avers: "This old world will never be the same again." He, too, is a defeatist; but he's a pal of yours; that is, he has you thinking his way. And, thinking his way, you begin to act his way.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Think for yourself, and you'll act for yourself. You won't be backing losers.

* * *

Never lend books; no one ever returns them. The only books I have in my library are those that people have lent me. — Anatole France.

* * *

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. Tom Sweet on the death of his wife—a loss that we pray may be softened by the consolation offered by steadfast friends.

* * *

A story straight from the stable, relates to the leasing of a fractious horse by one trainer to another with more faith in mankind and the moods of steeds. The lessee took charge of the horse at 9 o'clock in the morning, and it was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that he was able to dismount—then, as a matter of fact, having been thrown into a sandheap.

During the long and futile attempts to dismount, the lessee managed to direct the horse homeward, and he was handed lunch by his wife over the back fence—in those brief periods when the steed lapsed into docility.

* * *

She: "You can take me to the dance on the pier to-night, if you like, unless"—coily—"you meet somebody more attractive in the meantime."

He: "I say, that's jolly sporting of you. We'll leave it like that, then, shall we?"

* * *

The last time that the Disarmament Conference met, M. Litvinov (Russia) proposed total abolition of all weapons, whether technically offensive or defensive. Malcolm Muggeridge tells in his "The Thirties—1930-1940 in Great Britain":

"This proposal, repeated at intervals, and, after its novelty had worn off, greeted with laughter, led Senor Madariaga, the Spanish delegate, to

tell an instructive parable. Birds and animals, he said, came together for a disarmament conference. The lion suggested to the eagle that it should dispense with its talons, the eagle appealed to the bull to give up its horns, the bull appealed to the tiger to abandon its claws. Finally, the bear suggested that all should disarm and join him in a universal embrace."

* * *

"Everything's easy for Lindrum." believe it or not, that doesn't apply only to the billiards table. Let Walter exchange cue for fishing rod and—

My friend Claude Spencer takes up the story, revived by Lindrum's classic exhibition in the Club during February: when Walter toured the U.S.A. with Clark McConachy he found the latter to be also an ardent fisherman. The habit of casting a line was catching (in more senses than one) and when Lindrum arrived home in the Mariposa, and while he stayed aboard, ere the vessel's proceeding to Melbourne, he cast a line on chance into the Harbour one afternoon.

Next morning he was roused by a tapping on his cabin door. It was a steward, who volunteered the news: "Mr. Lindrum, you've got a shark on your line!" Sleepily the famous cueist responded: "Well, pull it aboard," and turned over again.

As he walked toward the saloon entrance later he was attracted by a crowd and some commotion. Sure enough, he hadn't miscued in a piscatorial sense—the shark was still wriggling on the deck.

"Everything's easy for Lindrum."

* * *

Sir John Reith, who in Churchill's Cabinet reshuffle was demoted by being promoted, in the unique British way, has never surrendered the reputation he built up as head of the British Broadcasting Corporation—never to see newspaper men. When he took over the Ministry of

Information, a party of newspaper men assigned to the Ministry tried to see Sir John, but were turned away by Viscount Hood, his secretary. Later, a bell in the great hall of the Ministry rang thrice to indicate an important announcement was to be read. A Press officer announced: "Sir John Reith cannot see journalists."

* * *

Harry Wills, the giant coloured man who failed to entice Jack Dempsey into the ring with him, was asked by Fred Fulton the best means to adopt when facing Langford, with whom the 6ft. 4in. white man had been matched. Knowing that Wills and the "Tar Baby" had frequently met, Fred was sure that Harry would have some valuable information to give. He had, and gave it: "Well, the best way for yuse to fight him, Mr. Fulton, would be to get a heavy club, and when he ain't looking, hit him on the head. Then, when he turns round, surprised like, hit him again hard enough to knock him dead. But, for the Laud's sake, Mr. Fulton, don't miss dat second shot."

MIDSUMMER SCREAM

*Now is the time when the sun's rays
are slanting.*

*Now is the time when the fat men
are panting.*

*Good-bye to the mornings they
walked to the beaches,*

*(Not always in pairs, but seeking
the peaches).*

*Good-bye to the grunting and
groaning up highways,*

*With bellows to mend—such ways
are not my ways.*

*Oh, stewy old Summer, you make it
a hummer,*

*Whatever you're at man, you pick
out the fat man.*

*With the race on, the pace on, be
he sawn-off or tall be*

*Is bumping a penalty, handicapped
sorely . . .*

*But, when winter comes, when the
winds blow so keen, man,*

*'Tis then that the fat man will
laugh at the lean man.*

(Continued on Page 7.)

RACING FIXTURES

1941

MARCH

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Moorefield Saturday, 15th
 Ascot Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 26th
 Rosehill Saturday, 29th

APRIL

Victoria Park Wednesday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 9th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Monday, 14th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 Ascot Wednesday, 23rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 26th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 30th

MAY

City Tattersall's Saturday, 3rd
 Kensington Wednesday, 7th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 14th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 17th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 24th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 28th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

JUNE

Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. Monday, 16th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 25th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

JULY

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Victoria Park Saturday, 5th
 Kensington Wednesday, 9th
 Moorefield Saturday, 12th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 16th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 19th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 23rd
 Ascot Saturday, 26th
 Ascot Wednesday, 30th

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 Rosebery Saturday, 16th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 20th
 Moorefield Saturday, 23rd
 Ascot Wednesday, 27th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

SEPTEMBER

Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 13th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 27th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 31st

The Club Man's Diary

Continued from Page 5.)

Have you ever tried to count up the mighty horses we have, or have had? Mighty few, if you dismiss those, so-called, in the headings. An old hand named them for me the other day — old 'uns and moderns. His estimate would amaze those persons who crowd so many on to the line where there is room for so few.

"Mighty" is a big term, and it takes, or should take, more than what are called "great horses" to measure up to the literal level of that classification. Disregard for the plain meaning of words in their positive and comparative degrees, and misuse of the superlative, account for a good deal of boosting in most sports.

* * *

The late Jack Flanagan, South Australian bookmaker and racehorse owner, used to tell this one against himself: He had a good mare called Bright Poppy, and one day at Clare (S.A.) he engaged George Bax to ride her. Flanagan told the jockey how to ride the mare, and the trainer, as he threw Bax into the saddle, remarked: "Mr. Flanagan has given you your instructions, hasn't he?"

"You bet he has," replied Bax. "There were so many of them I've typewritten them, and I've pinned the paper on the pommel of the saddle so that I can read them as I go along in the race."

As the Pacific situation worsens —according to persons—I wonder how fares my little Jap middy of other years; now grown up, if he hasn't been obliterated by "the China Incident," or engulfed in the "Southward Sweep." This lad had been detailed as my host at a reception aboard the Admiral's flagship, during a visit of the Japanese fleet six years ago.

He was finely bred. Socially he knew how. Boldly he advanced with me to the Admiral and made a ceremonious introduction. Then a spot and, following British naval custom, "the other half."

He had me accommodated in the first row of chairs to see the wrestling in which participated men fatter than Chief Little Wolf, but who wrestled more and clowned less than a ringful of occidental (and accidental) grapplers.

I was despairing of ever being in a position to return the midshipman's hospitality—he had told me that he could not wangle long shore leave—when a blue-eyed blonde hove in sight along the quarter deck.

Taking the middy by the arm I barged in her direction and, although I did not know the gal from Sister Eve, I cut across her trim bows and said: "Mademoiselle, allow me to present Midshipman — of the Japanese Imperial Navy."

She smiled sweetly. He saluted smartly.

He thought she would make a pretty picture against the sunset—and so it was that, while he was posing her, I bade them adieu.

* * *

In these days of wonderful swimming records it is pleasing for old-timers to hark back to the days when a swim at the "Fig"—original name of the baths at Woolloomooloo Bay—might be had free of charge. A record of 1847 tells of the annual swimming match.

It took place in the Woolloomooloo Baths at 7 a.m. There were seven starters, who raced over about 850 yards. The winner, Mr. W. Redman, covered the distance in 10 min. 40 secs. He was reputed to be "the best swimmer and diver in the colony."

* * *

It is a layman writing. Medical (and veterinary) learning may have other words for what I have set out; but I remember the claim of an old-time trainer of professional runners who said, when they began to break 10 secs. more regularly: "Show me the chap who can run evens every time he competes and I'll hail a world's champion."

* * *

Helen Wills recalls that Bernard Shaw told her that tennis should be played in a meadow with grass a foot high, and with no balls.

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BILLIARDS and SNOOKER

World's Record Broken in Exhibition Game



Billiards lovers among members will long remember the night of February 27 when world's champion, Walter Lindrum, regaled with a demonstration of his cue mastery in the Main Hall.

Sydney took up a cue and challenged the wizard to a game of 100-up. Others followed suit and a spirit of carnival was created. Good natured banter from spectators found the cueists full of repartee and

Away back in 1929, in Glasgow, Lindrum was timed to score 100 points in 56 seconds and that record stands on the official file to-day. Walter showed members how he has gathered speed with age and clipped four seconds off the figures quoted by clocking 52 seconds dead. Two stop-watches agreed.

Then followed a challenge by several members who put up various sums if the champion could make a 100-break at snooker but misfortune dogged the effort which ended at 92. "As good as a hundred" declared our Treasurer and all agreed by acclamation.

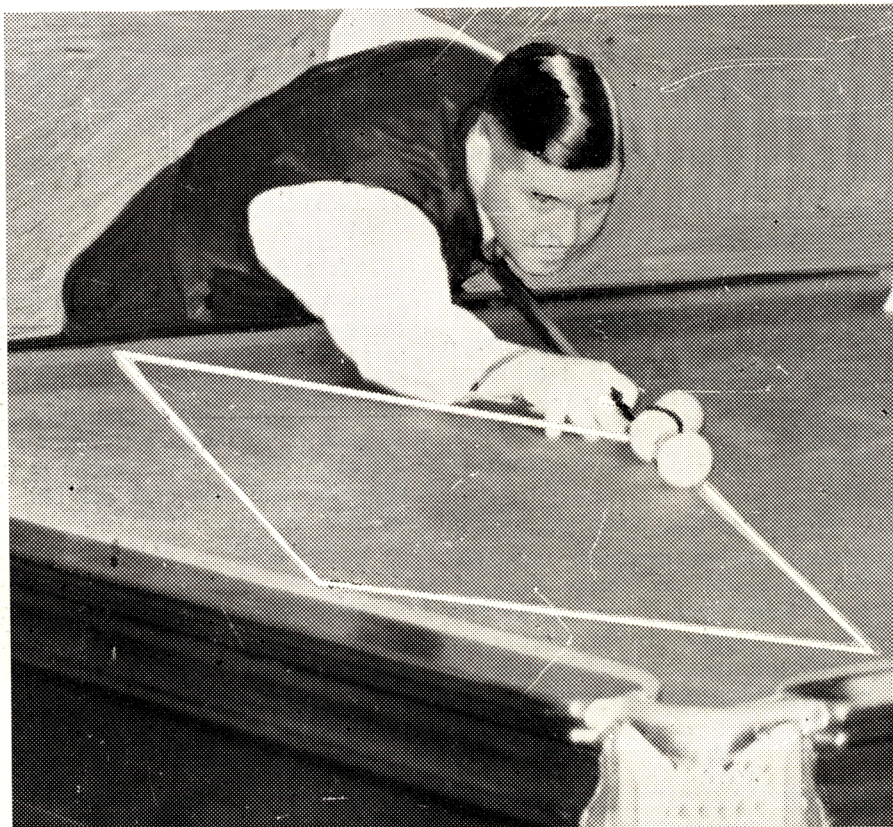
Now for the second happening!

A competition had been instituted whereby members bought the right to nominate the tally of Lindrum's highest break on the night. In a game of 500-up he scored 412 unfinished during which he ran the three balls, in a series of nursery cannons, thrice along the top cushion by 'bending them back' on reaching the pockets. It was billiards at its absolute best. Novelty was again introduced with a game in which all the snooker colour-balls were introduced. This was called the 'New Australian Race Game' and caused much merriment as the sphericals were sent away to a flying start with nearest-to-the-top-cushion-at-the-finish as the objective. Play proceeded gaily and produced full quota to the Funds.

Everything went according to schedule. Members and their friends enjoyed a great night whilst the effort expended resulted in substantial addition to the benefiting charities.

The sum of £111-5-3 was handed over—the nett amount collected.

All expenses in connection with the evening had been met by sponsors whilst the table and lighting were erected by Messrs. Heiron and Smith Ltd., as that firm's donation to the function.



The world's champion demonstrates a "gathering shot." Note the travel-line of the first object-ball to make it return for ideal position.

The function was arranged for the dual purpose of raising funds for the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund and the Red Cross Society. Members and their ladies thoroughly enjoyed the unusual interlude which produced two remarkable happenings.

But, let the night proceed in order.

First, the champion delighted with a series of trick and fancy shots of most entertaining nature; then, His Worship The Lord Mayor of

laughs were loud and long when one or the other scored a hit. Meanwhile, the £-s.-d. tally moved along merrily in the right direction.

One thing noted was that the cue standard of our members must rank high. The world's champion conceded starts of 95, 98, and 99 in each 100-up played but found the opposition too hot. He didn't win a game!

Next followed the first of the remarkable happenings referred to earlier.

KEEP THEM BUSY

By EDWARD SAMUEL

When Tom Sawyer persuaded his boy friends to whitewash his fence for him, and got them to pay for the privilege, he made the great discovery that, "in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain." It might also be said, however, that Tom illustrated the truth that people will often work willingly if they think it is fun. Tom's friends "came to jeer," but Tom invested the job with such importance that they "remained to whitewash."

Tom would have been vastly surprised if he had been told that here was the germ of an idea that was to inspire a world-wide movement, but there would have been some truth in the prophecy. For Baden-Powell, whose death recently set men thinking again about his achievement as founder of the Boy Scout movement, worked on these lines. Or rather, one of the things that emerge clearly from his record is the enormous value of the principle "Give them something to do!" He succeeded because he gave young people something interesting to do, and showed them that the doing of it was fun. I use the word in the widest sense. It is "fun" for the Boy Scout to live in camp and learn camp craft; it is also "fun" for him to help people. This is a lesson to be learnt by authorities of all kinds, from Governments and Churches to the humblest society. "Give them something to do." Don't be content with talking principles and generalities, but provide everybody with occupation and make it interesting.

"B.P." said he didn't actually see the start of the Boy Scout movement, because "the blooming thing started of itself unseen." What he meant was that he had always been a scout, that he had taught scouting to his men in the army, and that the Boy Scouts grew out of what he wrote and an experiment he made about the year 1907. Before the Boy Scouts there was the Boys' Brigade. It was twenty years old when B.P. inspected 7000

of its members at Glasgow. The founder, Sir William Smith was very pleased because he had 54,000 boys in the movement. B.P. said that was fine, but if the training really appealed to the boys there ought to be ten times that number. "How would you make the appeal?" asked Sir William. "By teaching them the game of scouting," replied the General. Could he rewrite "Aids to Scouting" so that it would appeal to boys instead of to soldiers?

B.P. got together some boys of

from our own experience of movements that have failed because those in them had not sufficient to do. Society is strewn with the wrecks of organisations that have struck this rock. They were founded with excellent intentions. Their promoters were full of zeal. There was much talk about aims and ideals. Perhaps there were impressive oaths and certificates. But gradually the rank and file of members found there wasn't anything much for them to do. It was all very well



Scene outside the Mansion House, London, when the relief of Mafeking was announced.

all classes in a camp and gave them the sort of instruction that was afterwards given to Boy Scouts. Then in the light of that experience, he did what Sir William Smith had suggested; he wrote "Scouting for Boys," intending it to be useful to existing organisations. The response was so great, however, that he had to set up a central office to deal with it, and the Boy Scout movement was born. The Girl Guides started on their own and presented themselves to the surprised B.P.

However, I didn't sit down to write an article on the boy scouts, but to try to drive home the lesson to which I have referred. Most, if not all, of us could cite examples

for the office-bearers—so they may have grumbled; these had authority and prestige, but it wasn't much fun going to meeting after meeting and doing nothing except listen and pass resolutions.

Some executives never realise that there is this dissatisfaction. Many, however, are wise enough to see the danger, and they busy themselves trying to give members an interest.

Baden-Powell's work was in line with the educational trends of the time, and teachers owe him a lot. The child is encouraged to work with his hands and has a much wider range of interests. There are edu-

(Continued on Page 16.)

For Better Health

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For Better Health

Rural Members

Mr. Alan Bramble of Newcastle.

Alan Bramble of Newcastle may not be deemed by his friends as being in the true 'rural' class but intimates are prepared to argue he has cut up more ground than many a grazier of large holding. Only difference is that Alan's 'well sinkings' have been done on golf courses per medium of too low an aim when attempting to propel the white globule from tee to hole!

Harsh words, but, like London, Alan 'can take it!'

The other side of the picture shows Alan as one of the leading business men of the northern city where he has lived practically all his life.

Head of one of the oldest established transport businesses in N.S.W. the Bramble finger has been prominent in the Newcastle Pie of Progress and, over the years, has earned the esteem of all. The traditions established by his forbears are maintained to the full by Alan, and, frequent visits to the metropolis enable us to enjoy his ever-jovial company.

Mr. Leslie Stuart of Goolgumbula.

Leslie Stuart of Goolgumbula Station, Jerilderie, has a full-time job

on his hands. His property is one of the largest in the State and is referred to by Stock and Station gentry as 'all that part and parcel of land situate between given points and amounting to forty-nine thousand and nine hundred acres.' If an odd acre or two has been missed or added that is the fault of officialdom whose figures are quoted.

Leslie's deepest concern is the well-being of his 'family' of twenty to thirty thousand jumbucks who cavort daily over his paddocks in full content.

It requires deep thought to cater for such a flock and especially so in a country where droughts strike more or less consistently. The problems of ensilage and other forms of stored fodder cannot be treated lightly.

However, with all that, our member loves to visit Sydney and engage in friendly combat on the billiard tables either at the three or multi-ball games. Incidentally, he wields a deft cue. When not so engaged his form may be seen at Randwick where his judgment in the 'Sport of Kings' has oft evoked admiration. Other interests demand attention and prove the opening statement: 'Leslie has a full-time job!'

THE PARACHUTIST

ALL the women of the company were purring over the quality of a piece of white silk, about a foot square. Seated apart, reading, I overheard: "It came all the way from Germany," and my curiosity was aroused.

"Oh, yes," the owner assured me, "it was sent by relatives in England, last mail. The family happened to have been watching an air battle when, suddenly, a German plane began to spin down, and an airman was seen to bail out. Let me read the rest from Polly's letter:—

"He dropped like a stone until, of an instant, the parachute opened, steadying him, and catching the sunlight gloriously. Everything now seemed safe and serene for the fellow. In the way of the English we wished him sporting luck, and then—he got all mixed up in the diving dog-fighting planes. When the blur passed we saw the parachute glinting again.

"At this juncture Aunt Emma became very agitated. "Gracious me," she exclaimed, "I hope he's not going to land in our garden!" Worse, it seemed as if he might land square on top of the home.

"Uncle Alec began, with true sense of English authority, to wave him off with his walking stick, just as he would an unwanted caller.

(Continued on Page 16.)



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Make the Left Side Do Part

"Where the left side shows the way both in going up and coming down there will be no hurrying of the swing."

By HELEN HICKS

During a close study of a collection of action pictures of my swing, the feature that struck me most forcibly in all of them was the action of the left arm. I don't believe I have ever fully appreciated before the extent to which this arm dominates the action of the stroke. Nearly everybody, I suppose, who has given any considerable thought to the swing, realises that the left arm is really the radius of the swing. Obviously, if the radius is altered, through a bending of this arm, the path on which the clubhead swings must be changed.

This doesn't mean to say that the left arm must be kept entirely straight. But it does mean that it must be firm right from the time the clubhead is started back from the ball until it has come down to the ball again. As I understand the swing, here are some of the important reasons for this condition.

In the first place the body must pivot or turn at the hips to take the club back properly. I am thinking now of the full swing, and not of the short shots, where the wrists and forearms do most of the work. Failure to pivot properly lies at the bottom of much of the troubles of the high handicap players. The explanation of this condition is easy enough. Right-handed persons find it natural to use the right hand freely. Now, if, in starting the club back, you let the right hand do the work, you are almost sure to lift the club up from the ball, rather than bring it back on a wider arc swinging around the body. Naturally, when you lift the club up, you make little or no turn at the hips. For that reason you do not get the weight of the body properly balanced at the top of the backswing to leave you in a position for swinging down in the right way.

Then another thing, if you lift the club up principally with the

right hand and arm, you are almost sure to get the clubhead in a position where it must come down to the ball on a line or rather an arc outside of the line of flight. Also, when the club is taken back mostly with the right hand, it is next to impossible to keep from closing the face. The results of this are to produce a bad hook or a smothered shot, if the clubhead keeps up with the hands in the downswing; and if it doesn't, you will get an equally distressing slice. In either case the result is far from satisfactory. Any time the right hand and arm do most of the work in taking the club back, you are more than apt to find the right elbow sticking almost straight out, instead of pointing obliquely toward the ground as it should at the top of the backswing.

Now, then let's see what happens when the left arm is called on to do most of the work in taking the club back. In the first place, from the position of the hand on the shaft, you will find it natural to keep a secure grip with it. This insures for one thing that you will maintain control over the face of the club, which is, of course, immensely important, if the hitting surface is to be brought back to the ball at the right angle. For another thing, the clubhead will be pushed back from the ball low along the ground instead of being lifted too quickly. Just try it for yourself, and see what an effort it is to lift the clubhead when you are pushing it back with the left arm.

When you push back with the left arm, the left shoulder and side must obviously start turning toward the right; otherwise you can't even start the club. There you have the first move in starting the necessary body pivot. Naturally as the shoul-

der begins to turn, you lessen the weight on the left foot and increase the weight on the right. In other words, you really start the body to turning on the right hip with the right leg stiffened and braced to sustain the weight. The left heel is lifted from the ground, and the left knee bends in toward the right. Not all of the weight is taken off the left foot, of course, for the toes and ball of the foot are still on the ground and are sustaining enough weight to leave you with a steady sense of balance from side to side. But the action of forcing the left side around with the left arm firm and the wrists cocked at the top of the swing, puts you in position to make the most of your supply of power in swinging the clubhead down to the ball.

But the task to be done by the left arm and side does not stop with getting the club back. These must also start the downswing. Here again, you find one of the common faults among the high handicap players, at least among those who make the swing almost exclusively a right-handed action. Almost invariably, when the player allows the right hand to go to work at the start of the downswing, you find the shoulders and entire upper part of the body swinging too rapidly around toward the left. That is entirely natural for a right-handed person. The urge to hit the ball and hit it hard just naturally causes the player to turn the upper part of the body too fast, so that the shoulders have turned too far around to the left by the time the ball is hit. That explains an awful lot of slicing.

The next time you have the chance to watch a good player in action, notice how slightly the shoulders turn compared with the distance the hands travel in bringing the club

(Continued on Page 16.)

Banjo Paterson's Australia

By EDWARD SAMUEL

So Banjo Paterson is dead, within a few days of his seventy-seventh birthday. One hopes that before the last shadows fell this courageous interpreter of the essential spirit of Australia had his old heart warmed by the magnificent news from Libya. For he was the first singer who delivered Australian verse from the profound melancholy that seemed to afflict both the native-born and the naturalised poets and that ran down their pens and mingled with the ink when they sought to capture the Australian scene. He ended a bad and utterly false tradition of gloom. His cheerful lilts caught the genuine rhythms of the really significant Australia. That service to the land of his birth outweighs all the highbrow doubts whether he could be called a poet at all, and whether the future will care to remember anything that he has written.

It is one of the curses of the narrowly critical mind that it sets standards both undesirable and impossible of achievement, and rules out of serious consideration wide fields of genuine and valuable literary effort. The only taste worthy the name must be catholic, wide and tolerant in its sympathies. We have seen in our own days—it is adopting a hush-hush policy at the present moment—a school of criticism which judged every literary effort by its contribution to social change. In plain language that meant that a work was at once condemned if it did not further the cause of communism or some other variant of the creed of the extreme left. One can understand why the exponents of this monstrous perversion are keeping very quiet about it to-day; the wholly inexplicable thing is that it was ever seriously considered at all in a presumably rational age. Yet only yesterday it was being shouted from the housetops by all whose modernity had to be insisted on at all costs.

Banjo Paterson does not rank with the great poets. He never for a moment thought he did. But there are many worthy places on

Parnassus that are far below the rarefied heights where only the supreme figures can breathe. The lesser men in their own field and with their own gifts are no less worthy of recognition for what they attempted and what they have done. And they, too, merit the praise of the poet. The singer of the country's simple ballads is not to be shrugged aside as unimportant because he could not write a majestic epic. The plain versifier who has found truth and given it wings among the ordinary ways of life is not to be ruled out because he cannot wed a profound emotion to deathless music and because he is understood and loved by the people. He, too, has his task, and that he accomplish it with grace and vigour and conviction of truth is all the glory he seeks.

I have never been able to find why Paterson adopted the nom de guerre "Banjo." I think he was using the name before Kipling wrote his "Song of the Banjo" in 1894. But it seems likely that the same ideas were working in the minds of both men. The banjo is the easily portable instrument of the camp-fire and the back country. Says Kipling:—

"You couldn't pack a Broadwood
half a mile—

You mustn't leave a fiddle in the
damp—

You couldn't raft an organ up the
Nile,

And play it in an Equatorial
swamp.

I travel with the cooking pots and
pails—

I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee
and the pork—

And when the dusty column checks
and tails,

You should hear me spur the rear-
guard to a walk.

With my "Billy-willy-winky-winky-
popp"

(Oh it's any tune that comes into
my head)

So I keep 'em moving forward till
they drop;

So I play 'em up to water and to
bed."

"The tunes that mean so much to you, common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose, I can rip your very heartstrings out with those," that is the idea. Tunes to set feet moving, the men we know, the scenes we know, thumped out to the familiar beat of horse-hoofs or eager feet upon the high road—these were Paterson's aims, and by his success in realising them he must be judged.

His swinging verses give echoes of many singers' characteristic rhythms. There are suggestions of Poe, of Swinburne, of Bret Harte, of Kipling and of his Australian predecessor, Adam Lindsay Gordon. But he fuses them all into definite lilts of his own.

"And he ran them single-handed
till their sides were white with
foam,

He followed like a bloodhound on
their track,

Till they halted cowed and beaten;
then he turned their heads for
home,

And alone and unassisted brought
them back."

It is a safe guess that in Egypt and Libya the Man from Snowy River rides forth on his heroic venture wherever Australians foregather after the day's work, and that regularly he induces the nostalgia from which even the hardest-bitten Aussie is not immune.

It is one of the mysteries of Australian literature that for so long the singers switched inevitably to the melancholy musing so foreign to the national character as we know it. The Australian is a forthright, cheerful fellow who takes life as it

comes and makes the most of it. Gordon was temperamentally pessimistic. Lawson got his gloom from the hardness of his life. But if they had personal reasons for their melancholy, what of all the rest of the sad singers of the tragedy of Australian life? Here is Essex:—

"Undertones weird, mournful,
strong,

Sweep like swift currents through
the song.

In deepest chords, with passion
fraught,

In softest notes of sweetest thought,
This sadness dwells."

Paterson will have none of this. Life outback is hard and exacting, but rich in compensations. The men of the desert and rugged places find life good. They have adapted themselves to circumstances and from much loneliness have won a deeper delight both in solitude and human companionship. They have found the glory in the grey. Hard but happy are the men of the waste places and the bush.

Australia recognised at once the truth of his picture. He had revealed the true Australians to themselves and to the world. He holds a place in Australian literature from which none can ever oust him—he put sunshine and cheerfulness into the interpretation of Australian character; he thrust back for ever the unnatural shadow of gloom in Australian art.

"Facing it yet. Oh, my friend stout-
hearted,

What does it matter for rain or
shine,

For the hopes deferred and the gain
departed?

Nothing could conquer that heart
of thine.

And thy health and strength are be-
yond confessing

As the only joys that are worth
possessing,

May the days to come be as rich in
blessing

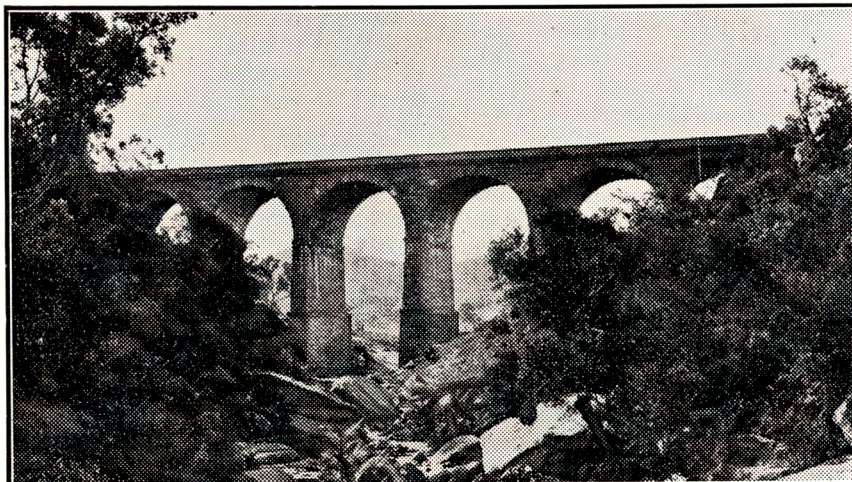
As the days we spent in the auld
lang syne."

So Banjo Paterson greets the Aus-
tralian spirit.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 59.



The Picton Viaduct. — (Government Printer Photos).

EXPANSION OF THE RAILWAYS

IN the last article of this series the story was told of the pioneering work in the construction of the first railway from Sydney to Parramatta and of the running of the first train over the line on September 26, 1855. Although in the early stages of construction it was proposed that the railway should be continued to Goulburn with a minimum of delay, so high were the costs of construction of the first section of line that it was realised that progress in rail construction would of necessity have to be comparatively slow. Twelve months elapsed before the line was extended from Parramatta Junction to Liverpool, and a further two years before Campbelltown was connected. After an interval of ten years the line had been extended to the south as far as Picton, to Penrith (with a branch to Richmond from Blacktown) to the west, while the northern line, beginning at Newcastle, had been carried to Morpeth. During this period the number of stations was increased from seven in 1855 to 33 in 1865.

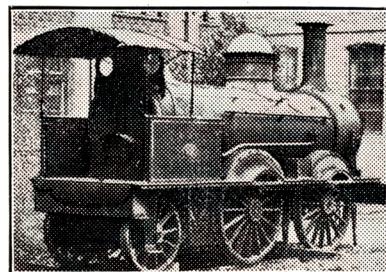
AT this stage of development, so enormous did the cost of construction appear, that schemes were proposed whereby a cheaper form of transport was hoped to be arranged. The most prominent among these suggestions was that only narrow gauge lines should be extended from the then termini, and that the carriages and trucks should be drawn by horses. To-day, of course, this proposal appears ridiculous, but at the time there were many who urged its adoption, and thought that such a means of transport would meet the needs of the colony for a great number of years! Fortunately, wiser counsel prevailed, and it was decided to proceed with the rail construction of the standard gauge of 4ft 8½in. During the period of indecision as to what type of construction should be proceeded with, and during the construction of the Picton viaduct—which was quite a large engineering work at that time, and cost some £10,500—Picton served as the southern terminus of the line.

ON the western line construction was rather slow, and there were many who urged that it was folly to attempt to build a line across the mountain range. That great railway engineer, John Whitton, managed to convince the authorities eventually that such a line was not only possible, but also of great necessity, and the constructional work was pushed on. Formidable obstacles had to be overcome in this work, but eventually all were

surmounted, and in 1868 the line had been extended to Mount Victoria, and in 1876 to Bathurst. On this last section the famous Lithgow Zig-Zag had to be constructed, one of the greatest feats of railway construction attempted in New South Wales up to that period. For many years the novelty of the Zig-Zag caused it to be a great tourist attraction.

ALTHOUGH the southern line was completed to Albury in 1881, it was not until the completion of the Murray Bridge in June, 1883, that Melbourne and Sydney were really linked by rail. Similarly, the completion of the Hawkesbury Bridge in 1889 linked Sydney and Brisbane. The sixteen miles of track open in 1855 has now extended to considerably more than six thousand miles, with an increase in rolling stock which would have appeared fantastic in 1855.

IN connection with the growth of the rolling-stock, it is of interest to know that the first four locomotives and tenders were imported in 1854, each weighing approximately 33 tons when empty, and each costing some £3000. Locomotive No. 1 was landed from the John Fielden at Circular Quay, and was drawn by horses to the railway yard at



The First Locomotive.

Redfern. After a long career of active service, it was preserved in the Technological Museum. Until 1861 only wood fuel was used, but, following tests made during February of that year with a locomotive adapted to burn coal, all other locomotives were converted to use this fuel, which has remained the principal fuel since.

KEEP THEM BUSY

(Continued from Page 9.)

cationalists who contend that much more might be done, that a good deal of the hooliganism and crime among adolescents and older young people is traceable to a narrowness in education which represses desires and capacities. But the lesson to be learned from B.P.'s vast achievement applies to society as a whole. And the policy of giving them something to do has a particular value in a time like the present. Those people are happiest who feel that they are doing something, however humble, to help in the war effort.

Finally there can be no doubt that the busy man is the healthy man—as a general rule. All too often the unoccupied or retired man goes to seed, and “goes to the pack” at the same time—so the slogan “Keep them Busy” is surely an appropriate one.

THE PARACHUTIST

(Continued from page 11.)

Others of us waved to him excitedly, while Uncle Alec surveyed his direction and muttered: “Damn him; he can't do this.”

“The airman did not return our waving. Some of us noticed that he hung inert. So he crashed, a hundred yards or so from Aunt Emma's precious garden.

“Silently, she thought it very decent of him. Uncle Alec still spluttered about the near-miss—but probably would have offered the stranger a whisky and soda had he dropped in unceremoniously. It's the English way.

“We found the airman, as we had expected, dead, his body riddled with bullets, evidently suffered when he became mixed up in that dog-fight quarter way down. He was a handsome young fellow, over six feet tall, unlike some of the brutalised specimens that have dropped out of the heavens. Yet we couldn't feel sentimental. He was only such another invader.

“While they were disentangling his body I ran across and secured a scissors to snip a souvenir from his silken parachute, which I send you.” —The Club Man's Valet.

16 MEN AND A BURNING SHIP

Sixteen seamen stood before the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of Britain's High Court early this year. Fifteen of them were survivors of the British tanker San Demetrio, veterans of the Jervis Bay convoy; the other, a representative of a dead comrade. What they had to add to the saga was as epic as the battle itself:

The 38-ship convoy was strung out in line that day in November, the San Demetrio in front, slicing through a calm sea. When the German raider opened up she was directly in line of fire, was struck at once, despite the gallant efforts of the Jervis Bay to take the full blow. His ship badly smashed, the skipper ordered his crew to the boats. As they dropped astern the San Demetrio was struck again and began to blaze. The weather began to kick up. Two of the boats disappeared. All afternoon, through the night, and most of the next day the third lifeboat tossed on the Atlantic.

The second afternoon the lifeboat sighted the San Demetrio again in the distance still afire, surrounded by floating oil. Easing alongside they tried to clamber aboard. Flames shot house-high from the afterwell. Amidships she was glowing hot. But by noon next day they had managed to get aboard. The bridge was ruined, the compasses, steering gear, charts and wireless gone. The only alternate steering gear aft was nearly wrecked. Then the lifeboat broke away, left them stranded.

All night they battled the fire, and by morning brought it under control. A jury steering gear was rigged and the main engines urged to nine-knot speed. For 700 miles 26-year-old Second Officer Hawkins guided her eastward, by the moon and stars and a page torn from an old school atlas. Greaser Joe Boyle, his ribs broken, was propped on a stool in the engine room to check the gauges. But after two days he collapsed, died overnight in his bunk.

The morning of the seventh day they finally sighted a British warship. With the help of fleet officers and ratings, the tired crew covered the last two-day leg into the Clyde.

Make the left side do part

(Continued from Page 8.)

down. You will see the middle part of the body move toward the left as the club is started down, but there will be no tendency to hunch the shoulders around towards the left. They will turn slowly to where they are about parallel with the line of play, and not beyond that until after the ball is hit.

That's the left arm and left side again. If they lead and set the pace for the body action, there will be no quick jerk, but a slow, steady motion that allows the hands and arms to increase gradually the speed of the clubhead right down to the instant the ball is hit. And I might say here that where the left side shows the way, both in going up and coming down, there will be no hurrying of the swing. The right hand and arm are doing the damage, when you find yourself hurrying the swing either going or coming.

The right hand has its part to play in hitting the ball, and it plays it during a very brief period, which starts as the clubhead is nearing the ball and continues until the ball has been hit. But even through that period a firm straight left is doing the guiding, and failure to make the left keep swinging through, straight and firm, accounts for a lot of bad golf shots. If the left arm is allowed to weaken or collapse at the elbow and drop in against the side, the shot is bound to be a bad one. The left arm must swing on through, straight and firm, until after the ball has been hit. If it doesn't, there will surely be trouble.—“Golf in Australia.”

Still in the San Demetrio's tanks were 10,000 tons of oil, valued, with the freight cargo, at £60,000. The ship herself, almost new, was worth £250,000.

Last week the court awarded the claimants £14,700 salvage money; £2,000 of it to Skipper Hawkins; £1,000 to the estate of Joe Boyle. Another £1,000 went to 26-year-old Oswald Ross Preston, U.S. volunteer to the R.A.F., now on duty with the Eagle Squadron, because he played a “magnificent” part when the battle started.

—“Time,” 29/1/'41.

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